

GETTING IN TRIM FOR TEST

After the eight ships arrive back in port from their speed trials on September 25, the trying ordeal of coaling will again be the order of events for at least two days.

The first coaling, which was completed yesterday by the Maryland, drew over nine thousand tons from the coal piles, under the charge of the local Paymaster J. R. Hornberger, but on the second coaling over twelve thousand tons will be required to fill up the fighting ships under Admiral Sebree.

One of the officers in speaking this morning about the last coaling, remarked that "great credit should be given Paymaster Hornberger and W. H. Hoogs for the way things were done. If every port would do the same in preparing for coaling as Honolulu has done, coaling would be made much easier."

Clergy Calls

Bishop Restarick, accompanied by several of the local clergy, called on the flagship Tennessee this morning and were received by Admiral Sebree and staff.

ORPHEUM CHANGE

Lovers of old-time minstrelsy will see a show to their liking at the Orpheum tonight, as the new bill will open with a regular minstrel first part, including end men and inter-louder.

There will be the usual jokes, songs, dances and specialties; also moving pictures and the usual musical comedy stunt for a wind-up.

This will be on for the balance of the week.

REGATTA DAY ENTRIES FOR RACES

Up to going to press this afternoon the following entries had been received for the Regatta Day events. Many more entries are expected to be put in this afternoon. The management of the races is managed by the ships' officers, and the entries have not been turned in to the Hawaiian News Company. All the ships will have crews to represent them, and the races should be very interesting.

The entries are:
Sealor six-oar—Myrtles and Heanani. Six-paddle canoe—Kaimo-kalani, Letilina A. A. Kalei and Nianani. Freshmen—Myrtle and Heanani. Four-paddle canoe—Lei Hima, Kaimo-kalani, Flying Fish A. A. Kalei and Nianani. Senior pair-oar—Myrtles and Heanani. Sailing canoe race—Lei Hima, Kaimo-kalani, Alabama and Kalei. Sailing canoe race (modern)—Good Time Hashoo, Kamehameha, Hoku Kaimanu, Kio-kalani, Palikea, Lei Lehu. Four-paddle canoe (women)—Good Time.

Everything points to a fine day's sport, and the various races should be pulled off before an immense crowd.

A challenge has been sent to the feet by the Oahu League. The Oahu bunch wish to play a picked team of the best fleet men. Such a match is pretty sure to come off on Sunday.

The Washington and West Virginia baseball nines will play at the Athletic Park this afternoon, and it is possible that there will be two games.

The Industrial Edition of the Evening Bulletin, wrapped ready for mailing, 50 cents at Bulletin office.

PUGET SOUND FOR FINE SCENERY

SEATTLE, Sept. 12. — The early fall months of September and October are seen in no part of the world to the same magnificent advantages as in the Puget Sound country. The rare atmosphere of the mountains is sharpened and brightened, and with the first touch of autumn the entire country is presented in an air of wonderful clearness and temper.

It is difficult of description, an adequate picture of the surrounding white-clothed peaks and glittering blues of the inland sea waters. Standing at the head of the Cascades of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition, the eye wanders through miles and miles of hazy, clear atmosphere, and rests on the tumbled tops of the rugged Olympics and serrated peaks of the Cascades and Selkirk mountains.

The air one breathes comes from the snow-covered hills, and, tempered by the miles of pine and cedar, supplies the greatest incentive to holiday making that can be found. The Exposition vine, its vines of fete and national festivals, makes a picture impossible to surpass. The brilliant blossoms of formal garden and stately bed have commenced to take on the more subdued colors of approaching autumn; in the vine maples and drooping alders the touch of fall is appearing, and from the steamer landings the sportsman leaves on his week-end excursion armed with gun and followed by hunting dog. If there is any place in the world where the call of ending summer draws more strongly on the leading strings of men than in Puget Sound, it has yet to be written.

TAFT TRAINS HARD AND BOXES WELL

HIS REGULAR ROUND

TO REDUCE HIS WEIGHT.

How He Shapes Up With Great Pugilist John L.—Interesting Early Morning Gym Work—Dr. Barker His Trainer.

BEVERLY, Mass., Aug. 20.—One year and one month before John Lawrence Sullivan was born in Pad-dy's Hollow in Roxbury, Mass., the latest celebrity in fistiana was learning to talk in Cincinnati. By the time John L. was eight years old he was a terror, at fourteen he was the ward champion, and at seventeen he was licking all of the dubs around Boston in a purely scientific way. By the time he was twenty John L. was standing up with the best of them and on the highway to the championship of America.

Ever since that time John L. has been close to the spot light on the stage of pugilism. Quite true, a young man named Corbett, now a "has been" put him out with a wallop to the jaw in New Orleans one September day in 1892. But John L. has never worn out, and only a year ago he was doing a vaudeville sketch as the mastodon and the elephant at play with Jake Kilrain in the squared circle, at 25, 50 and 75 cents a throw.

John L.'s Superior Found.

John L.'s superior in brawn, although a year and a half older, was not discovered as a likely looking lad for the game until a week ago. Then the country shivered with delight when it heard from Beverly that President William Howard Taft was doing his daily boxing bout with Dr. Charles E. Barker, his physical instructor. It also leaked out that the doctor, with his 160 pounds, only got the better of the President with his 305, by faster foot-work.

The President was born in Cincinnati on Sept. 15, 1857. John L. first peeped into the day near Boston on Oct. 15, 1858. The Boston lad's parents were working people, his father a puddler in a foundry. Mr. Taft's earlier entrance into the world in Cincinnati was under more auspicious circumstances. His father was a judge and was to be an Attorney-General of the United States. William, as the boy was named, later developed into "Bill," before he got to be "Will." It was "Bill" in school days and "Bill" in Yale except when "Will" went to dances and learned the waltz steps which won him all of the suffragette votes at Hot Springs, Va., and Augusta, Ga.

John L. had to fight to get along and "Bill" Taft laughed his way through life. His superior figure was a powerful argument against battle when he was a youngster and his good nature was too much for the most pugacious of his playfellows.

Getting Down to 280 Pounds.

The President's entrance into the ring this late day is not intended to edify the multitude or to furnish amusement for Dr. Barker. Its one and only purpose—and it is succeeding—is to keep the Taft flesh from going over the mark fixed by Dr. Barker as the healthy line.

Dr. Barker wants to bring the President down to 300. He once had him to 270, but that was three years ago. He has already dropped him from 326 to 301, and he has nearly a month of working yet before him. Giving Dr. Barker the same trust that the President gives him, and computing the President's build on the basis of 280 pounds. It was a good-sized man that was neglected in Cincinnati while John L. was being trained for battle. The last marks on John L. Sullivan give him 5 feet 10 1/2 inches of height and 196 pounds of flesh. John L. did better than this with flesh for many years, and before his team work with Jake Kilrain was closer to 275 than to 196.

Jeffries, ever since they dug him out of the alfalfa in California to whip the smoke, has been working on the high speed schedule. He has been talked to death, praised to the skies and trained until he had to go Europe to get his appetite back for an omelette. Jeffries, with his thirty-four years, has put in more nights watching the electric lights than has President Taft in his fifty-two.

The President's excellent condition is due, first of all, to his absolute faith in Dr. Barker. The President believes that when a man makes it his business to study human bodies says that it is healthy to do a thing and unhealthy not to do it, that man knows what he is talking about. So, when Dr. Barker told the President that he must diet the President began his diet. He is not the kind to break the training table.

President on the Water Wagon. The President was advised that alcoholic liquors were not good for him. So one day in Hot Springs, Va., before the rigors of the campaign

were upon him, he cut 'em out. Before that he was not even a mild drinker. He took a little wine at dinner sometimes and enjoyed a little drink when it was in order for everybody to take one. But when Mr. Taft found out that all liquors were bad for him he turned down his glass and has not tasted liquor since.

Dr. Barker wanted the President to do some hard work. He picked golf as the best exercise for a man of Mr. Taft's weight and years. Thereafter Mr. Taft became a golfer. In addition to the health giving qualities of the game, it has been fascinating to Mr. Taft, and now he is a thoroughgoing golfer. He plays for good scores, and where once he knocked the ball around just to try his arm, he is now a finished player, capable of some tremendously long drives.

Dr. Barker's Career.

The President found Dr. Barker in Washington three years ago. Before that Dr. Barker was a practicing physician in Madison, Wis. Somewhat of a social leader there, Dr. Barker was recognized as the best golf player and the best all around athlete in that part of Wisconsin. Former Senator John C. Spooner knew him well, and one day while the two were chatting at the Madison Golf Club Dr. Barker suggested to the Senator that he needed more of a doctor's care than medicine; that he needed health giving exercise. The Senator agreed with him, and after talking it over several days persuaded Dr. Barker to come to Washington with him to help him through a long siege of Congress.

Barker came and pretty soon had Spooner feeling like a yearling colt. The Wisconsin Senator suggested his name to Mr. Taft, who was then Secretary of War. The Secretary sent for the doctor and they had a talk. Mr. Taft submitted to a physical examination and Dr. Barker told him that what he needed was hard work to keep him fit. He also had to cut out some of the foods he had been accustomed to.

Mr. Taft agreed that he needed the hard work and promised Dr. Barker fifteen minutes a day.

"I am sorry, Mr. Secretary," the doctor said, "I cannot take your case. You need at least an hour a day. I can be of some service with that understanding."

Likes the Barker Style.

Mr. Taft was a pretty busy man those days. He was running the big War Department, keeping a weather eye on the Philippines and sitting on the lid. Between times he was listening to a host of friends who told him they were going to make him President. Mr. Taft was impressed with Dr. Barker's style. The young Badger is a clean cut, manly looking chap of about thirty-five. He is as spare as a bone and every ounce of his 160 pounds is as hard as a nail. He is the niftiest looking man in Beverly today, and he exercises harder than any other man in town, but he takes exercise deliberately and without making it hard work.

So for three years the doctor has treated Mr. Taft intermittently. After the inauguration of the President he began daily morning visits to the White House. When the President came to Beverly Dr. Barker dropped in one day and rigged up a gymnasium in the garage. And now every morning before breakfast Dr. Barker motors out to Burgess Point. It takes only a few minutes to get ready, and then President Taft puts in an appearance. He wears light trousers, a pair of light shoes and an outing shirt. The doctor puts him through his paces in jig time. The Taft wind is better today than it has been in years, thanks to the days on the links.

The arm exercise machine, the rowing machine, the chest weights, dumbbells, the Indian clubs and the tug at wrestling do not faze him. Next he tries about four minutes of boxing with Dr. Barker. The doctor's style is of that jumping jack variety calculated to make the President exercise every part of his body from his eyes down to his toes. Hard at it for four one-minute rounds and Mr. Taft has worked up a perspiration which is as healthy as the work.

Then the doctor takes him in hand for a rubdown. In a method of his own the doctor massages the Presidential frame to diminish its uneven features without impairing the strength of any function of the body.

A good shower bath and Mr. Taft is done. He ambles back to his porch and waits for the breakfast call with a yearning which speaks volumes for Dr. Barker. After breakfast a fast ride of a few miles over the cool Massachusetts roads and the President is ready for his eighteen holes of golf. These he covers in a couple of hours and is ready for his lunch.

In the afternoon he reads a bit and rests. At 4:30 he is ready for the next fit of fresh air and gets it in a long motor car ride. Early to bed is another of Dr. Barker's ideas, and the President follows his advice. When the President retires for the night he is thoroughly tired. When he awakes in the morning he is rested. And he is ready for the training which is surely making him look

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